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VICTORIA INGENIO PARTA



SALVE SCULPTORUM PRINCEPS ROMAN REDUX

VICTORY AND GENIUS CROWNING THORWALDSEN.

THORWALDSEN'S RETURN TO ROME.

We give above a representation of an honorary group, exhibited at an entertainment given to Thorwaldsen, the celebrated sculptor, two years ago.

It was on the occasion of his passing from Florence to Rome that it was resolved to give a dinner in honour of the Patriarch of the Art. He was then seventy-one years of age. Two miles from Rome he was met by a great body of artists, who announced to him their intention to celebrate his return to the "eternal city," by a festival. It accordingly took place at Meloni's Hotel, No. 1272.

and, as is not uncommon on the continent, the day fixed upon was a Sunday. One hundred and twenty gentlemen sat down with him. He entered the room at half-past five, and his snowy locks falling over his shoulder gave him a noble and venerable appearance while acknowledging the enthusiastic greeting he received. Dinner being announced at six o'clock, he took his place at the middle of the table, at the upper end of the large saloon. Rheinhardt, a celebrated landscape painter, who was Thorwaldsen's senior, and who had lived in that vicinity more than half a century, was seated on his left hand. On his right sat

VOL. XXV.

the chamberlain of the king of Denmark. Several diplomatic characters were present.

A raised table in the centre was prepared for certain German artists who were able vocalists. They entertained the company with several musical performances, and among others with a song of congratulation to Thorwaldsen, written in the German language. This was distributed among the guests, and a laurel crown was placed on the veteran's head by Rheinart. Thorwaldsen took it off and gave it back to Rheinart, who then put it on a bronze group of the Graces, in the centre of the table. The sculptor bowed to the company, and the curtains being withdrawn from a gallery at the extremity of the saloon, disclosed a transparency, representing the bust of Thorwaldsen on a column, with a hammer and a chisel beneath, engraved on a wreath; the whole supported on one side by a statue of Genius, on the other by Victory, the latter figure being represented in the act of placing a crown of laurel on his head. On either side of the hall a lion and eagle appeared as represented in the accompanying cut, with this inscription:—

"Victoria ingenio par
"Salve Sculptorem Princeps Romanum redit."

ON THE VANITY OF MERE FAME AND APPLAUSE.

BY DR. EDWARDS.

Men are actuated by different passions according to their particular characters, as formed by nature, or modified by education and society. There is little or no difference in many of them, whether considered in point of inherent dignity, or positive utility. Whenever I view the mere plodding politician, the hero, the miser, the rake, the philosopher, the man who jumps over five-barred gates and drinks off pint glasses, I frighten myself, or am rather shocked by looking at them, in the same light with those that fly down a steeple, dance on a rope, whistle, sing, run, hop, jump, or tumble, into fame. But when I cast my eyes on the gilded equipage, the coronet, the ribbon, the toilet, the beau, the prude, with all the other characters which constitute and embellish the gayer scenes of life, claiming notice, and in a thousand shapes and colours all courting admiration, I am apt to suppose I see a bed of tulips of many stains and hues, all diversified from those of the preceding year; the produce is differently striped, but the roots are the same. Another set is the more illustrious race of authors, and others of the prolific pen, or their kindred, the masters of the fine

arts, more noble in themselves and more glorious in their end, with, however, many oddities and contrarities. But the most provoking and ridiculous character of this sort is the infidel bravo, who dares God and man, risks his own happiness and that of other people, for the sole pleasure of being distinguished, on account of the address of his conceits and the boldness of his impieties. He is baffled and confuted. What makes him blunder on, and write again? The same cause which made him blaspheme at first—the desire of distinction and applause.

And yet, what a phantom, what a mere bubble of air, is this idol of mankind—reputation and glory? How difficult is it to attain, how easy to lose?—how much a nothing, if got and preserved? In a crowding, elbowing world, it is not easy to put in your pretensions, much less to have them regarded. You have outrun many; 'tis nothing till you have outstripped the foremost; you run still only the hinder wheel, run as fast as you will. But, suppose you get first, your crown is a wreath of leaves, your reward a little breath; what you seek is a shadow which eludes your grasp—you cannot enjoy it while you live, you are insensible of it when dead—if you do good actions to gain it, you lose the reward of them; if bad ones, you double their punishment.

But some one will say—nay, perhaps, all the characters I have mentioned will in a body ask—What does this censor mean, this supernumerary sage? Upon what principle does he himself harangue upon the vanity of those pursuits that have fame and glory for their prize? The answer is obvious—Perhaps to give the world their revenge, and add a new instance of the folly of man; or, possibly, out of complaisance to the fashion of the times, and the customs of his country. I shall explain myself by a story. News being brought of the approach of Philip of Macedon with an army towards Corinth, the inhabitants were thrown into great consternation; they ran to their arms, and every hand was employed in repairing the walls and fortifications, and carrying materials for defence. Diogenes, the cynic, seeing this busy scene of things, and himself unengaged, took his tub, which was his dwelling, and with great industry rolled it up and down the Craneum, the usual place of his residence, before the city; and being asked the reason of his whimsical labour, answered, "He did it, that he might not be the only idle person among so many that were in action."

But, whatever the advantages of fame, or however amiable it may appear to the living, it is certainly of no worth to the dead. Whatever dangers they have dared,

whatever toils they have undergone, whatever difficulties they have surmounted, the grave is deaf to the voice of applause, and the dust of the noble and vulgar sleep in the same obscurity together. It is possible the conscious spirit may have an idea of the honours that are paid to his ashes; but it is much more probable that the prospect of this imaginary glory, while he lives in the world, was all the pleasure it ever could afford him. I make this observation, because most monuments are said to be erected to an honour to the dead, and the living are supposed to be the least concerned in them; whereas, on the contrary, there are few but were rather founded in compliment to the builder's vanity, than in respect to the name with which they are inscribed. One man's fame is made the foundation of another's; in the same manner with the gentleman's who ordered this sentence to be made his epitaph—"Here lies Sir Philip Sidney's friend." Some there are that mention only the names of the dust they love, and preserve a noble silence with regard to the hand who raised them; but even here the dead can receive no benefit from such disinterested affection, but the living may profit by so noble an example. Another thing that displeases me is the manner of the inscriptions, which frequently mistake the very design of engraving them, and as frequently give the lie to themselves. To prove oneself blind in guessing out *(Eternæ Memoræ Sacrum)*, is a jest that would make Heracitus laugh; and yet most of them begin in that pompous taste, without the least reflection that brass and marble cannot preserve themselves from the tooth of time: and if men's actions have not guarded their reputation, the proudest monuments would flatter in vain.

I do not advance this because I am an enemy to the custom. So far from it, no one can admire it more; but what I intend is to place everything on its right principle, and recommend the most desirable means for the consequence. It is certain there is not a nobler amusement in the world than a walk in Westminster Abbey, among the tombs of heroes, patriots, poets, and philosophers. You are surrounded with the shades of your great forefathers; you feel the influence of their venerable society, and grow fond of virtue and honest fame in the contemplation. It is one of the finest schools of morality, and the most beautiful flatterer of the imagination in nature. I appeal to every man's mind, that has any taste for what is sublime and noble, for a witness to the pleasure he experiences on this occasion; and I believe he will acknowledge that there is no entertainment so instructive. For my

own part, I have spent many an hour of pleasing melancholy in its venerable walks, and have been more delighted with the solemn conversations of the dead, than the most sprightly sallies of the living. I have examined the characters that were inscribed before me, and distinguished every particular virtue. The monuments of real fame I have viewed with sincere respect; but the piles that wanted a character to excuse them, I considered as the monuments of folly. I have wandered with pleasure into the most gloomy recesses of this last resort of grandeur, to contemplate human life, and trace mankind through all the wilderness of their frailties and follies, from their cradles to their graves—I have reflected on the shortness of our duration here, and that I was but one of the millions who had been employed in the same manner, in ruminating on the trophies of mortality before me—that I must moulder to dust in the same manner, and quit the scene to a new generation without leaving the shadow of my existence behind me—that this huge fabric, this sacred repository of fame and grandeur, would only be the stage for the same performances, would receive new accessions of noble dust, would be adorned with other sepulchres of cost and magnificence, would be crowded with successive admirers, and, at last, by the unavoidable decays of time, bury the whole collection of antiquities in general obscurity, and be the monument of its own ruin.

Religion, so far from extinguishing or enervating, expands and strengthens our desires and passions, presenting them with nobler objects, and urging them forward by loftier motives: and some men, like certain trees, naturally spread their branches wider, as well as shoot higher than others. They crave for larger sympathies; they are more prolific of that nature which is in itself, in one and all of us, inexhaustible; they aspire to greater intercourse with humanity. Or, their natures being more powerful and active, unchanged by Christianity and undisciplined by philosophy; selfishness—the mould, alas! in which human nature is formed—seeks to gather spoils with greater industry, and hoards and reviews them with a keener avarice. But Scripture assures us that no man is indifferent "to his praise." Education, native character, and events, will decide the varied proportion and intensity of the passion, and the ends to which it is directed, and declare as to its use or abuse, its wisdom, or its folly. Nature gives the appetite to all; education and circumstances either damp or fan its fires, and the heart or character, as it is good or bad, propels it to evil and ignoble, or else good and laudable, actions. If great talents,

as Mrs. H. More observes, are found associated with great ambition, and their possessors, as such, are born to rise; the ambition is no more to be decried than the talents, if it would make the world its debtor, as well as its servant—if it would not only impose obligations upon society, but also lay society under obligations. If, like the sun, it would rise to be a great and general good, let it ascend, and steadily and sublimely pursue its luminous career along our skies; if Heaven says 'yes!' in vain shall earth oppose its onward and upward tendencies. There is this test by which the principle may be tried. Do we seek the approbation of our own consciences and hearts by following the truly good, the wise, and the great, before the praise of men? Does the voice within utter intonations louder and more thrilling, and does the other come to us, as it were, by echo?—for, if so, it may be concluded that the pleasure which talent or active goodness receives from public approbation, is as innocent, if not laudable, as it is well-grounded. That must be a barren soil in which there has been no desire for immortality, and no corresponding effort; that must be a mean nature which can concentrate all its energies and affections on a moment of time and an inch of territory, without rising to that infinity whence it emanates. Men will attain that from love of approbation and from a passion for glory, which they would never have compassed from another motive. To this is owing the irregular practices, the ridiculous enterprises, of many a school-boy, rake, or frolicsome adventurer, as well as the sarcastic lampoon or satire of wit, the mightiest rushings of oratory, the cool courage of quiet, unyielding ambition, which falls but to rise, as well as the seemingly indifferent, humble, reckless posture of the base wretch who has said to gold "thou art my hope." But, of all, this is the most irrational; for what can mere wealth accomplish, without talent and principle? Without other qualifications, it is but a more conspicuous poverty, and a rich mine of vanity and vexation. Ask nine persons out of ten that you meet to tell their real sentiments—the sentiment of their very heart—and, however much their tongues may, at times, belie their heart-creed, they will own, with scripture, that riches and worthlessness are, for the most part, faithful inseparables. But we have omitted to mention another test by which to try the purity and value of this passion, and that is—the love with which it is associated. It must seek love, before it courts praise; it must desire praise, because its lovers must love—because it is virtuous—because it is of Him, and like Him who is love—whose every attribute,

whose every action, whose every word, is love, like the colours of the rainbow, which are all well comprised and combined in spotless white.

If the love of fame, as to this world, has prompted to such exploits, that poets and orators can but express their own feebleness, when they would express and describe them, even to their equals, lifting up aspiring man to the angelic nature—what powers ought not the pursuit of eternal "glory, honour, and immortality" to confer, and what heroic deeds ought it not to effect? Ought not Christians to be distinguished for those moral and spiritual distinctions which can alone obtain the distinctions of eternity? But where is the ardour and enthusiasm that such tremendous stakes, such splendid prizes, deserve? Praise must, sooner or later, in time or eternity, follow virtue, and eternally revolve around it, as the satellite around its planet, and the planet around its sun; but all other praise is uncertain—like quicksilver, it slips between the fingers when we think we hold it fastest; all other praise must eventually be drowned by the sweeter and louder symphonies of her music, which, when their forms are slumbering and their voices are silent, shall make a new and more spacious, pure and beautiful, everlasting earth and heavens to ring with plaudits. In such a course alone can we truly and fervently say to the universe, at each pause, "*Nunc plaudite*," and expect our great God and Omnisent Judge to say, at the last day and for ever, "Well done, good and faithful servant." But as for all others, unconnected with this, we shall, as we fitfully and madly pursue them, only hear a plaintive air, chanting these mournful but truthful stanzas:—

"Deceived by Hope, whose brilliant beams
Give Fancy's tints their hue;
Pleased, we indulge the air-formed dreams,
And fondly think them true.
"But soon Despair's sad, sickening sight,
With blighting mildew fades;
The beauteous forms they droop and die,
Involved in deepening shades."

FREDERICK THE GREAT, AT LISSA.

But for a fortunate accident, Frederick, on the night before the battle of Leuthen, would have been in a situation of great difficulty. Intending to take up his quarters there, the king moved forward with a few hussars, and a couple of guns, when to his surprise, he found that the Austrians were in possession of the place. What followed is thus narrated by Campbell, "The king now waited for the two grenadier battalions, and entered Lissa at their head. All was quiet, but many lights were observed in the houses on either side. The king, still

preceding the grenadiers, having his retinue by his side, came to a spacious place near the chateau, and about sixty paces from the bridge across the Schweidnitz water. Out of some of the houses came Austrian soldiers, with bundles of straw on their backs: they were seized and taken to the king. They told him that on the other side of the bridge was posted a captain with one hundred and fifty men, who had orders to cover the bridge with straw, and to set it on fire upon the approach of the Prussians. This statement was presently confirmed; for the captain, apprised of the circumstance, ordered his men to fire, and several grenadiers were wounded, beside and behind the king. 'Fall back,' cried the artillery-men; 'let us have a slap at them too!' Those on horseback moved close to the houses, lest they should run the same risk from friend and foe. The gunners gave the enemy several rounds, and the grenadiers fired over them. At this moment a brisk fire was opened upon the Prussians from the windows of all the houses; it was returned by the grenadiers. All were shouting and commanding at once. 'Gentlemen,' said the king with great composure, 'follow me; I'll tell you what to do.'

He thereupon turned to the left over the drawbridge leading to the chateau, followed by most of his aides-de-camp. Scarcely had they reached the door, when several Austrian officers, with candles in their hands, rushed down stairs and out of the lower rooms to seek their horses, which were waiting for them in the open place before the chateau. The king alighted with his attendants; he accosted the enemy's officers with the greatest sang-froid. 'Good evening, gentleman,' said he; 'I dare say you did not expect me here. Can one get a night's lodging along with you?' The Austrians were completely surprised. The principal generals and staff-officers, taking the candles from the inferior officers and grooms, courteously lighted the king up stairs into one of the first rooms, and on entering, presented themselves to the king, who inquired the name and rank of each, and entered into conversation with them. A great number of Prussian generals successively entered. Frederick asked in surprise whence they came, and was informed that his whole army was marching upon Lissa. A misconception had occasioned this movement, which was



FREDERICK THE GREAT AT LISSA.

most opportune for the king. Friends and foes were supplied with the best accommodations that the place afforded; for it is scarcely necessary to observe that all the Austrian officers were made prisoners. The baron to whom the chateau belonged now made his appearance. 'I am very hungry indeed,' said the king to him; 'I should like to have something to eat.' The baron was under no little embarrassment, for the Austrians had consumed everything that was to be got in the chateau and in the village. There was no other way but to collect what they had left, and make a sort of ragout with these remnants, to which the king sat down in high spirits and with an excellent appetite. He conversed meanwhile with his host, who waited upon him. All at once he looked steadfastly at him, and significantly asked—'My dear baron, can you play at phrao?' The baron hesitated, for the question had no sort of connexion with the previous conversation. He knew that the king was an enemy to games of chance, and timidly began—'When I was young—' 'Then you know,' cried Frederick, interrupting him 'what *La banque* is. That is the game I have been playing to-day.'

TOUCH AND GO; OR, LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF OUR TOUR IN BRITTANY.

LETTER III.

(Continued from page 499.)

JUNE 13.—Thursday was the anniversary of the Fête de Dieu, or Corpus Christi day; but, like most other festivals, not being 'pardons' or patronal fêtes, the celebration was postponed until to-day, Sunday. The principal altar, or station, of large size, was erected on the Grande Place, in full view from my windows. A handsome dome surmounted the altar, whose columns were garnished with muslin drapery, and entwined with garlands of box. The ascent to the platform was by a flight of numerous steps, richly carpeted, and avoyned with lines of orange trees, myrtles, and other choice shrubs, and the table of the altar was decked with beautiful vases, containing the rarest flowers of the season. There were seven other of these altar-stations in other parts of the town, all elegantly decorated. Crowds of visitors arrived from the country, the drums of the National Guards gave notice of a muster, and the ding dong-dell of the discordant bells summoned the people to mass. At ten o'clock the churches were full. The National Guard assembled at the Sous-Prefecture, and, about eleven o'clock, marched to the

church of St. Mathieu, to meet and join in the procession. A numerous body of clergy headed the advance, bearing banners and crucifixes. Next followed a reverend father, carrying the host under a crimson canopy, sustained by four priests, surmounted with white plumes, and flanked by laics holding large wax tapers. The band and *élite* of the National Guard succeeded, and after them long lines of women and children; the men closed the procession, and were, comparatively, in small numbers. The white dresses and veils of the females nearest the host, the gay dresses of the children, the holiday clothes of all, the glowing colours, the beautiful bouquets of flowers, the rich vestments of the priests, the alternate chanting, and military music, rendered it an extremely pretty pageant. The ground floor fronts of all the houses exhibited an unbroken line of snow-white hangings, concealing the doors, windows, and openings; whilst, from the upper windows, the inmates showered on "Leb on Dieu" clouds of roses and other flowers, and myrtle leaves. At each altar-station the host was first deposited on the table, and after some very ungraceful genuflexions and bendings of the head by the priest, held up to public adoration, the procession kneeling the while. As a solemn religious ceremonial, I was not only disappointed, but shocked. Supposing, with the Roman Catholics, the actual bodily presence of our Lord Saviour, nothing could be more revolting, to use no harsher term, than thus to expose him to mockery. Those forming no part of the procession, and much the larger portion of the assemblage, were laughing and merry-making, as at any other holiday, not at the ceremonial itself, but in perfect indifference to it; taking off their hats out of a sort of compliment when the host passed, and when it was held up. Except towards the head of the procession, the same indifference appeared in the followers; each was chatting and whispering to his or her neighbour, whilst the children, as all children would be, appeared more intent on their fine clothes, and delighted with the gay scene than with the solemnity of the occasion. About mid-day, the firing of cannon announced the arrival of the Morlaigien steamer, having on board the statue of La Tour d'Auvergne, which is to be inaugurated with great pomp at Carhaix, on Sunday, the 27th. The band and a portion of the National Guard had awaited its arrival as long as they could do without exposing 'Le Bon Dieu' to a procession without them. Some of their artillerymen remained to fire the salutes, and the steamers being furnished with two or three small pieces, we had as much noise as if the Château du Taureau were being forced. A strange

mixture of, I may say, the religious and profane, for the procession did not terminate till nearly five o'clock. After dinner my companion joined me in a walk on the Lanmeur road, which we found crowded with men and women jollifying homewards. The statue is not to be disembarked until to-morrow. Detachments and the bands of the National Guards within reasonable distance of Carhaix, are to attend at the inauguration, and the town councils are actively engaged in voting funds towards the costs of conveying the "Infanterie à Voiture," as one of themselves has humorously named them, and "for their sustentation and maintenance in going thereto, staying thereat, and returning therefrom." Now as the more distant troops, ours amongst the rest, require three days for this purpose, the amount of charges cannot be trifling. Not a yard of cloth sold at a shop, not a loaf of bread vendible by the baker; not a bullock, calf, or sheep, butchered for the market; not a drop of wine or cider, beer or spirit, brought into store, escapes the little local excise which awaits it, and which would seem to be expended solely for the beautifying, embellishing, and improving of the town, and the coming in aid of fêtes, and comedies, and raree-shows, which the poor cannot find means to attend.

JUNE 14.—My friend attended the races at the Grève de St. Michel to day, between six and seven leagues from hence, on the road to Sannion. They are preparatory to the principal running at St. Brienne. He describes them as a perfect caricature upon racing. The jockeys rode quite 'à la groom,' without saddles or stirrups, dressed 'en dishabille,' and with cotton night-caps in lieu of jockey caps. The quadrupeds were of a very sorry description, except a grey colt, which ran every race, and won them all (three) with ease. Although far a-head of all others, his rider kept him at full speed, and apparently settled him for the St. Brienne. The government provide some small prizes which are increased out of the departmental funds, similar to our county rates. The following are the expenses of the jaunt:

Clever grey horse, with gig and a	
Garçon attendant	6f. 0su.
Feed of oats at Lanmeur, 4 sous;	
oatler, 2 sous; Feed of oats at St.	
Michel, 5 sous; bundle of green	
clover, 4 sous; oats at Lanmeur	
on return, 4 sous; bottle of cider,	
4 sous; glass of grog, 2 sous;	
Calculating on the 'Auberges,'	
being as they were, cramful, he	
carried one of Mr. Weller's veal	
pies, and munched it in the ve-	
hicle	1f. 2su.

7f. 2su.

Barely six shillings. The distance to and from is upwards of thirty-two miles English.

JUNE 23.—After an early breakfast, my companion and myself set out for Lanmeur, en route for the Pardon de St. Jean du Doigt, one of the most celebrated in all Brittany, and of which the Eve is the 'grande fête.' The first half of the walk to Lanmeur is remarkably picturesque, more particularly the valley of Bois de la Roche, and the beautiful ruin of the chapel St. Hubert. The Château du Bois de la Roche is also deserving a stroll from Morlaix. About mid-way we overtook five lads "all in their best," trudging along right joyously. To our question of—"Are you going to school?" they replied, "No; to the 'pardon' of St. Jean." As we neared Lanmeur the numbers increased, and we speedily became involved in a regular current, all setting in the same direction. It was about 11 A.M. when we halted at 'La Descente des Voyageurs,' at Lanmeur, four leagues from Morlaix. Having ordered a 'déjeuner à la fourchette' at 12, we found a nice clean 'salle à manger,' and were served with a fine grey mullet, a roast breast of veal, potatoes, a salad, and some fine butter. A bottle of good 'vin ordinaire' served to moisten the repast, and to give zest to a dessert of Turkey figs, black currants, raisin, and biscuits. We have yet a day's work before us, and no sure prospect of dinner, or supper, or even bed, and, by way of a tonic, finished with a 'tassé de café,' and a 'goutte de Cognac.' Our bill amounted to two francs a piece. 'Twas impossible to mistake our route. It seemed as if all London had turned out; not "some in rags, some in jags, and some in velvet gowns," but all in holiday apparel, with about the same number of varying fashions as there were personages. Shoals of pilgrims hurried us along, and we soon picked up a French associate with whom we opened a parley. We were speedily fixed as being foreigners, and were immediately subjected to a regular questioning as to English customs, manners, religion, laws, government, and other particulars sufficient for a topographical and statistical account of our country. Our Frenchman, apparently a person of easy circumstances, was the only one of many crowding round us who understood other than the Breton tongue; and when our replies were particularly striking, he explained to those about him, at the same time acting the part of an interpreter to ourselves. We were frequently greeted with shouts of laughter, when our answers conveyed anything very extraordinary as to the habits and customs of those wonderful barbarians the English. After a while our conversation was cut short, for as we advanced, the paths and tracks poured in their contributions from all

quarters. We first past a small oratory of St. Barbe, at which numerous pilgrims were in the act of introductory devotion. Soon afterwards we found ourselves on the brink of the deep and beautiful valley of Travun-Meriadec, now of St. Jean, opening like a bay seaward, but at this end running up in defile into the hills, and fringed with copse and wood. On the opposite side started up the towering spire of Plongasvon, at the bottom lay the narrow meadowy floor widening to its termination in a small deep bay, bristling with isolated rocks, proclaiming destruction and death to the ill-fated ship and crew whom adverse winds or storm should sweep within their labyrinths. At an angle of the almost perpendicular and pitched lane, we came upon the commemorative wood pile intended for the eve. It was a huge pyramidal mass of faggots and furze, surmounted by a lanky cross of lath, crowned with ribbons, garlands, and bouquets of flowers. At the same moment the elegant steeple and leaning spire of the church of St. Jean du Doigt lay at our feet, and next it the ancient pilgrim hostelry in all its gloom. We became literally jammed in the crowd which flocked to the benedicting. With centuries of wear and tear, the pitching is full of holes and hollows; but there was no room for picking and choosing; down we were carried, helter skelter, one upon the other, till we reached the churchyard, when we were in comparatively still water. The stream broke off here in different directions, and we had time to pull up and breathe. We presently, however, got separated, but having one common object—the inside of the church—we met. Mounted on a low bench against the wall, I was admiring the never-ceasing labours of a priest, occupied in clapping a silver head of St. John the Baptist upon the crowns of the faithful who passed in succession round the altar of the saint placed against one of the central pillars of the nave. What was my surprise when presently my travelling companion appeared with sober gait and downcast look swimming along in the file, and receiving the gifted head. The priest was within the circular railing, supported by three bare-footed laics in shirt sleeves and open collars, all perspiring at every pore. He at length closed his labours, quite exhausted, and with him, or soon after him, broke up the crowd. Then commenced a scene which it is quite impossible to exaggerate, and which, although authenticated by written as well as oral testimony, we had scarcely credited. Our attention was first attracted to some strange Robinson Crusoe-looking figures, with manes hanging almost to their heels; brown linen bags containing their vaticum slung across their shoulders; and ‘pen-bas,’ or nobbed-

headed sticks in their hands. Their ‘coiffure’ was umbrella-brimmed straw hats, with a broad band of black velvet, fronted with a buckle as big as a saucer, and crested with a wide-spreading black fringed tassel—resembling, but infinitely larger than, those formerly worn by postillions. Their wives were habited in rusty black cloth jerkins with loose sleeves, somewhat shrunk up from the wrist; a flaming but very narrow waist-sash was fastened at the side, hanging almost to the ground. They, in common with all the female and infantine pilgrims, carried peeled sticks, for they cannot be dignified as white wands. Others of the pilgrims wore the large square flapped waistcoat and the long-skirted jacket, which we have seen at Pleurin, whilst others appeared trimmed and brodered with galoons and coach furniture, cords of all the colours of the rainbow, and with buttons and button holes to match. These wore the broad-flapped felt with band and buckle as before. The varying costume of the women were, if possible, still more remarkable. The kirtle, or corset, bore the bell, when garnished with the variegated broderies decorating those of the more youthful and more wealthy dames and damsels. There were men and women, and children, too, of from five or six to ten or twelve years of age, who, in all their full-grown attire, were amongst the most curious in this most curious spectacle. They seemed to have been born in the costume of their fathers and mothers; which, by some fairy process, had grown with their growth. The gait, even of the veriest infant, was that of maturity. The men began by unbuttoning the knees of their breeches, or untying those of their ‘bragon-bras’ or Dutch-trunks—a very extraordinary sort of huge inexpressibles, puffed out to an enormous expanse as far as the knee and there drawn in, whilst the leg is braced in a tight gaiter, with conspicuous coloured clocks and brodered button-holes, and crimson, blue, yellow, or pink buttons. In some costumes the gaiter is black, relieved by light button-holes and clocks. This operation completed, and the knee-pan bared, our devotees knelt on the floor, and then commenced a genu-ambulation round the hallowed altar and pillar. The number of circuits was regulated as piety or pledged vows dictated. In a very short period the female penitents became indiscriminately mingled with the male. They coolly pulled up their petticoats to the requisite height, and there retained them during the performance. There was a clean knee, and no finching. There was less of the running-in-a-sack awkwardness than you would imagine. I should remark, that stockings are not fashionable. Other and better dressed,

and more modest, or less zealous, devotees, contented themselves with simple and ordinary kneeling in an outer semicircle facing the altar, whispering prayers and telling their beads, whilst numerous dirty-looking drabs were busily and earnestly besieging their ears, and ever and anon receiving a piece of money, which brought them to the pulling up of their petticoats, and making the bargained number of rounds. Whilst gazing with astonishment at this most extraordinary exhibition, one of these go-betweens accosted us in Breton, as if for alms. My charity, not often wide-awake, perhaps, was just now stunned; but my friend bestowed a sous, whereupon, to our utter confusion and amazement, up flew the drapery, and down went Madame Bare-knees, fairly performing a round in redemption of a vow, which Monsieur Anglais was perfectly unconscious of having ever pledged. What a convenience are these substitutionary penances! After these performances had continued some time, the head of the usual out-of-door procession was formed in the nave of the church. The National Guard had been previously marched in and filed, right and left. They were without uniform; and being even and odd, long and short, lusty and meagre, some with broad flapped felts, and others in cross-eared brims, some in huge 'bragon-bras,' others in tights, and a few in pantaloons, there was very little of "the army" in their 'tenue.' Many of them, however, were remarkably fine fellows. The processional paraphernalia consisted of the usual Roman banners, like ensigns, and a beautiful silver image of Notre Dame and infant Saviour (which we saw afterwards at Plongasvon, whence it had come on a visit to its neighbour), borne on a platformed litter, upon the shoulders, and flanked by files of females dressed in white; a silver arm and hand, the healing head, a glass case, containing, we were told, the sacred forefinger, and surmounted by a figure of the saint in the attitude of one crying in the wilderness, with long flowing hair and staff, were borne, each on a distinct litter, by separate "four" of priests. The National Guards flanked the whole, occasionally relieving the chanting by a round or two of drumming; and, so soon as they had made their exit, the thousands without-side fell into rank behind. Then commenced the processional perambulation, which here makes an extensive circuit, and is not, as at Pleurin, confined to the limits of the churchyard. We did not enter the file, but took our seats on a fence-wall against the lane. In about an hour the herd of the procession halted at the fire-pile, which, we supposed, was then consecrated for the benediction. On a given

signal, a rocket came rushing down a rope, stretched from the top of the steeple to the head of the pile, which it immediately ignited. A return-rocket was then fired, but only ascended about two-thirds the distance, and there expired. It was attached to a circular iron tube, and thus the rope was protected. No angel appeared, the rocket having been substituted about six years since. M. Souvestre supposes it to have been a mere scenic representation for the amusement of the pilgrims. Did it form part of the spectacle of an ancient mystery? We were greatly puzzled as to how the rope could be sustained for so extended a length, and with so little bellying. It passed high above the tops of the houses, and for a (walking) distance of at least four hundred yards; the very steep and sudden inclination of the hill somewhat lessened it from the top of the Tower. Our shirt-sleeve friends had multiplied into many scores, all bare-footed and bareheaded, and carrying, at regular intervals, large lighted tapers. In the churchyard is an elegant fountain of three stories, each diminishing in circumference, so as to terminate pyramidically. The two upper basins are supported by angels and monsters, through whose mouths and nostrils descend the showering stream. The under-basin is of very large dimensions, and of a single block. On the summit is a small and delicate image of St. John, in a half-kneeling, half-stooping posture, as in act to baptize. The whole monument is of beautiful execution, and is said to have been the work of Italian artists in the sixteenth century. It was crowded with pilgrims, some washing their eyes, some plunging in their arms, others dipping up handfuls, and either letting it run down their upstretched arms, or pouring it down their naked backs, whilst troops of women and boys were running about selling porringers and pipkins-full to those unable to approach.

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUL.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marguerite," &c.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

CHAPTER I.—CONSOLATION.

During the interview of Rose and Adrienne, an affecting scene took place between Agricola and the Mayeux. When Adrienne left the room to accompany Rose to her apartment, Agricola knelt by the bed-

side of the Mayeux, and said to her with deep emotion,

"We are alone, I can at last tell you what weighs heavy on my heart—do you not know that what you have done is frightful in the extreme? To die of despair and misery, and not call me to your aid!"

"Agricola, hear me."

"No, you have no excuse. Where was the use, I ask, of our adopting the names of brother and sister—of having, for fifteen years, given each other proofs of the most sincere affection, when in an hour of misfortune you resolve to quit the world, without caring about those you leave behind, without thinking, that in taking away your life, your rash act seems to say, 'you are nothing to me.'"

"Pardon, Agricola, you are right, I did not think of this, but misery and the want of work!"

"And would I not have aided you?"

"Despair."

"Why despair? A generous lady, appreciating your worth, admitted you into her home as a friend, and at the moment when your future happiness seemed secure, you abruptly leave her, and throw us all into the most dreadful anxiety concerning your fate."

"I was afraid of being a burthen to my benefactress."

Agricola looked at his adopted sister, remained silent for a moment, then, as if replying to a question addressed to himself, he said, "She will, I am sure, pardon me for disobeying her;" addressing the Mayeux, he added, "I am blaming you, yet I scarcely know what I say, for I am thinking of something else."

"What are you thinking of, Agricola?"

"My heart bleeds when I think of the pain that I have caused you."

"I do not understand you, Agricola, you never harmed me."

"Did I not, in following up the foolish habit of childhood, make use of a soubriquet odiously ridiculous, instead of calling you by your own name?"

The Mayeux, fearing that Agricola was in possession of her secret, looked at him with alarm, yet she strove to calm herself, in thinking that he might have only reflected on the humiliation she must have experienced at hearing herself constantly called the Mayeux; she therefore tried to smile, and replied,

"Can that trifle grieve you; it was as you have said, a custom of your childhood; and you know that your mother, who treated me as her daughter, also called me the Mayeux."

"Was it my mother who consulted you about my marriage? Was it she who talked to you of the rare beauty of my betrothed; who asked to introduce you to her

that you might study her character, in the hope that the instinct of your attachment for me, might tell you, if I had made a good choice? Say, was my mother guilty of this cruelty? No, it was I that thus rent your heart."

The fears of the Mayeux increased—Agricola undoubtedly knew her secret, she felt overwhelmed with confusion; yet, making a last effort to calm her fears, she said, "Indeed, Agricola, it was you and not your mother, and I was pleased with this proof of your confidence."

"No, no," cried Agricola; "pleased; no, no, for I was inflicting on you a frightful evil; I was merciless, but knew it not."

"But," said the Mayeux, in a voice scarcely audible, "why do you think so?"

"Why? because you loved me," replied Agricola, in a voice trembling with emotion, while he fraternally folded the Mayeux in his arms.

"Oh, Heaven!" murmured the poor girl, covering her face with her hands, "he knows all."

"Yes, I know all," said Agricola, tenderly and respectfully, "and I do not wish you to blush for a sentiment that honours me, and of which I am proud. Yes, I know all, and I say, with pride and joy, that the best, the noblest heart in the world has been mine, is mine, and will always be mine. Come, Madeline, leave shame to evil passions; raise your eyes, and look up in my face—you know that it never reflected a feigned emotion. Well, look at me, I say, and you will read in my countenance how proud—you do you hear, Madeline?—how justly proud I am of your love."

The Mayeux, overwhelmed with confusion, had not yet dared to look at Agricola, but his voice expressed such tender emotion, that the poor creature felt her shame gradually give way, especially when Agricola added, with increasing fervour, "Be tranquil, my noble and good Madeline; I shall be worthy of your love; believe me, it will cause you as much happiness as it has caused sorrow. Why, then, should this love be to you a subject of fear and confusion? What is love, as it is understood by your inestimable heart? A continual exchange of tenderness and devotion—reciprocal esteem—and blind, mutual confidence! Well, Madeline, this tenderness, esteem, and confidence, we will entertain for each other more so than formerly, for your secret often inspired fear and distrust. In future, on the contrary, you will see me so happy in being sensible to your affection, that the happiness you confer on me will be reflected back on yourself."

The more Agricola said the less was the Mayeux abashed. What she had feared most, from the disclosure of her secret, was

the idea of its being received by raillery, disdain, or humiliating compassion; but, so far from this being the case, joy and happiness was depicted on the manly and upright countenance of Agricola.

The Mayeux, knowing him incapable of deceit, replied, without embarrassment, "A sincere and pure passion has, then, in it, that which is beautiful, good, and consoling—that it at last awakens up a touching interest when one is able to resist its first storms. Your kind words, Agricola, have raised me in my own esteem; and instead of blushing for my love, I now feel proud of it. To love you, and to prove that love, my unceasing affection was all I hoped for; and yet shame and fear, added to despair, drove me to commit suicide. But you must pardon the mistrust of a poor creature, devoted to ridicule from her infancy. Now, however, Agricola, my generous brother, I am quite happy; you know my most secret thoughts; and this day, so fatally begun, terminates happily; instead of being afraid of you, I regard you with hope, with delight; I have found my benefactress, and I am easy about the future with regard to my sister. I shall see her presently, shall I not, for she must share my happiness?"

"I have just been told," replied Agricola, "that it will be prudent to let her remain, to-day, perfectly quiet, my dear Madeline."

"I shall wait, then, with patience. Oh, how sweet the name of Madeline sounds from you. Your good and charming Angèle will also call me Madeline, and your children, Agricola! dear creatures—for them, also! I shall be the good Madeline!"

Adrienne, who had witnessed this scene from the door for some minutes past, now entered, saying, "Ah! this is the happiest day of my life; for others are happy as well as myself."

"Mademoiselle," said Agricola, "in spite of my promise, I have not been able to conceal from Madeleine that I knew she loved me."

"Now that I no longer blush before Agricola for my love, why should I do so before you, Mademoiselle, who have been so kind to me, that I cannot find words to thank you?"

"You see, my friend," replied Adrienne, "that the schemes of the wicked often turn against themselves. The unfortunate Florine was ordered to purloin your journal; and this circumstance, which nearly caused your death, has unveiled the intrigues of my enemies. Now we are more united and happy than ever. Courage! then, our turn will come next."

"Thank God! Mademoiselle," said Agricola; "what happiness it will be to unmask them."

"Remember," replied Adrienne, "that you are to have an interview with M. Hardy to-morrow."

"I have not forgotten it, Mademoiselle, nor your generous offer either."

"Oh! he is my relation. Repeat to him that the funds necessary to build the factory are at his service, and entreat him, above all, to leave the house he is now in, for he has a thousand reasons to distrust those by whom he is surrounded."

"Do not be uneasy, Mademoiselle, I am almost sure I shall be able to prevail on him to quit that sad abode, for he has always had the utmost confidence in my fidelity."

"Courage! then, Monsieur Agricola," said Adrienne. "Let us now depart, for it is late. When we reach my residence, I will give you a letter for M. Hardy, and to-morrow you will come, and let me know the result of your visit. No, not to-morrow," added she, blushing slightly, "you can write to me, and come on the following day at mid-day."

A few minutes afterwards the young work-girl, aided by Agricola and Adrienne, descended the stairs, and when in the carriage along with Adrienne, she earnestly desired to see her sister, and it was in vain that Agricola told her the impossibility of her doing so before the following day.

Adrienne, distrusting every one about Djalma, believed from what she had gleaned from Rose, that she had found the means to ensure a letter reaching the hands of the prince that evening.

CHAPTER II.—THE TWO COACHES.

It is the evening of the same day on which Adrienne prevented the Mayeux from committing suicide. Eleven o'clock strikes; the night is dark, the wind blowing with violence, chases away the thick black clouds that completely obscure the pale light of the moon. A coach slowly ascends the Rue Blanche, not far from where the house occupied by Djalma is situated; stops, and the coachman, grumbling at the interminable length of his journey, turns to the person he is conducting, saying, "Is this it at last?"

"Search for a little door, which is a few paces from here, then stop by the side of the wall," replied a voice with a strong Italian accent.

"But how can I find the door when it is so dark?" asked the coachman.

"Have you no discernment about you? Continue by the wall-side; the light of your lantern will assist you, and you will easily find the little door; it is next to No. 50. If you do not find it, you must be either stupid, or drunk."

The coachman, swearing like a dragoon, whipped his horses, and having passed No. 50, which he found by the aid of his lantern, he said, "I have passed No. 50, and here is a little door; is this right?"

"Yes. Now get down and knock three times twice at the door. Do you understand me?"

"Very well; I am to knock six times at the little door?"

"Yes; give three knocks, pause, and then three more, and say to the person that opens the door, 'They are waiting for you;' and you will conduct him to the coach."

When the coachman knocked, the door was opened, and a man enveloped in a mantle came outside, and locked the door after him.

"They are waiting for you," said the coachman; who, after conducting the stranger to the vehicle, began to walk up and down. At the expiration of a few minutes he saw another coach drive rapidly up, when a man descended, entered at the little door, and shut it after him.

"How strange!" said the coachman; "as one comes out, another enters."

In the mean time, the Italian and he of the mantle continued their conversation, which related to some absent person; as may be gathered from the following words:

"It is settled, then?" said the Italian.

"Yes, monseigneur," replied the other; "but only in the event of the eagle becoming a serpent."

"And otherwise, as soon as you receive the other half of the ivory crucifix?"

"I shall know what that means, monseigneur."

"Continue to merit and preserve his confidence."

"I shall, monseigneur, because I admire and respect that man, who, from his powerful mind, surpasses in strength, those the most powerful in the world. I have knelt before him with humility, as before one of the three idols which are between Bohwanie and his worshippers; for his religion, like mine, is to change life into nothingness."

"Hem!" said the Italian, "that is foreign to our purpose; think only of obeying him."

"Let him say the word, the act will follow. He has witnessed my devotion, in the services I have rendered him in attending Prince Djalma. Were he to say, 'Strike;' this king's son——"

"For the love of God, do not entertain such ideas," interrupted the Italian; "thank Heaven, you will never be required to give such proofs of your submission."

"What I am ordered to do, I do; Bohwanie sees me."

"I doubt not your zeal; I know you are a living and intelligent barrier, placed between the prince and all wicked interests; and it is on account of your zeal and ability in circumventing the young Indian, that I have acquainted you with all. You are devoted to him whom you serve; it is well—man ought to be the obedient slave of the deity he has chosen."

"Yes, monseigneur, as long as he remains a deity."

"You are a man of judgment, and are firm in purpose; you are even religious, after your own manner; and it is laudable, in these times of impiety, to have some belief. You promise me your aid?"

"I assure you it, monseigneur, for the reason that a bold huntsman prefers a jackall to ten foxes, a tiger to ten jackalls, a lion to ten tigers, and the ouelms to ten lions."

"What is the ouelms?"

"It is, what mind is to matter; the blade to the scabbard; perfume to the flower; what the head is to the body."

"I understand. Your comparison is just; you are a man of judgment. Remember what you have said, and render yourself more worthy of the confidences of your idol—your deity."

"Will he soon be in a condition to hear me, monseigneur?"

"In two or three days at the most. Yesterday a providential crisis saved him, and he is endowed with such energy that his cure will be very rapid."

"Will you see him to-morrow, monseigneur?"

"Yes, before I depart."

"Tell him this, which is strange indeed—it took place yesterday. I was at the garden of the dead. Brilliant torches lighted the tombs on the dark night. Bohwanie smiled on his throne of ebony. In thinking of our holy divinity, I saw, with joy, a coach, which was full of coffins, emptied. The pit yawned like a mouth of hell; the dead were thrown into it, one on the top of the other—still, it yawned. Suddenly I saw, by the light of the torch, an old man standing by my side, who was shedding tears: I had seen him before—he is a Jew—the guardian of the house in the Rue St. Francois." Here he paused, and shuddered.

"I know the house; but why need you stop?"

"In that house there has been, for a hundred and fifty years, the portrait of a man whom I formerly met on the banks of the Ganges." He again paused, and shuddered.

"A singular resemblance, undoubtedly."

"Yes, monseigneur; nothing else."

"But the old Jew?"

"Well, monseigneur. He said to a

grave-digger, "The coffin!" "I found it in the other pit," replied the grave-digger; on the lid is a cross formed of seven black points." "But how did you know the place and the mark of this coffin?" "Alas!" replied the Jew, "it is of little consequence to you; you see I am but too well informed; where is the coffin?" "Behind the large tomb of black marble; but, be quick—you will not be perceived in this tumult; you have paid me well, and I wish you may succeed in what you desire to do," replied the grave-digger.

"And what did the old Jew do with the coffin marked with the seven black points?"

"Two men accompanied him, monseigneur, carrying a stretcher with curtains. He lighted a lantern, and, followed by the two men, went to the place pointed out by the grave-digger; but I lost him, owing to the number of mourning coaches, and I could not afterwards find him."

"What could the old Jew want with the coffin?"

"It is said dead bodies are employed to compose magical charms, monseigneur."

"These miscreants are capable of anything, even to trafficking with the enemy of mankind. However, this will be looked to; this discovery is, perhaps, important."

The hour of midnight now struck.

"Midnight already!"

"Yes, monseigneur."

"I must depart. You swear, then, when you have received the other half of the ivory crucifix, to keep your promise?"

"I have sworn it by Bohwanie, monseigneur."

"Do you remember what is to be said by the person who will deliver it to you?"

"It is a long way from the cup to the lip."

"That's right. Adieu! Secrecy and fidelity!"

"Secrecy and fidelity, monseigneur," replied the man in the mantle.

A few minutes after, Cardinal Malipieri departed; and Faringhea, whom the reader has no doubt recognised as the man in the mantle, was about to unlock the little door, when, to his great surprise, it was opened, and a man came out, whom he immediately seized. The stranger cried out,

"Pierre! help!"

The coach, that was stationed at a little distance, drove rapidly up, and Pierre, a gigantic valet, soon released the stranger from the grasp of Faringhea.

"Now," said the stranger, "I can answer your questions, although you treated an old acquaintance very roughly. I am M. Dupont, who helped to save your life, when the vessel you were in was wrecked."

"But, sir, why do you enter this house clandestinely?" asked Faringhea.

"There is nothing clandestine in my

conduct. I came here with a letter from Mademoiselle de Cardoville, my mistress, to her cousin, Prince Djalma."

Faringhea trembled with rage, and said, "But why come at this hour, and introduce yourself at this little door?"

"I come at this hour, my dear sir, because I was ordered to do so by my mistress; and I entered by this little door, because, had I not, it would have been impossible for me to see the Prince."

"You are mistaken," replied Faringhea.

"It is possible; but knowing that the prince generally passed the greater part of the night in the little saloon, and Mademoiselle having had a key in her possession ever since she hired this house, it was thought that this was the surest way of reaching the prince."

"And who informed you so well of the prince's habits?" asked Faringhea, unable to conceal his rage.

"If I have been well informed of his habits, I have not been so well informed of yours; for I assure you, I no more expected to meet you here, than you did me," replied Dupont, with an air of mockery. He then saluted the Indian, and entered the coach, which was driven rapidly away, leaving Faringhea both surprised and enraged.

CHAPTER III.—THE RENDEZVOUS.

On the following day Djalma, after impatiently pacing the little saloon, and reading for the twentieth time, the letter he had received from Adrienne, ordered his carriage to be ready at half past two. Faringhea anxiously watched every movement of the prince.

"Oh! how slowly the hours pass away," exclaimed the Indian, "what o'clock is it?"

"Nearly two," replied Faringhea.

Djalma sat down, and covered his face with his hands, as if to indulge more freely in his meditations. Faringhea, goaded by extreme anxiety, determined on attracting the prince's attention; and he said, in a slow and measured tone—"Monseigneur, for the happiness which now transports you, I am sure you are indebted to Mademoiselle de Cardoville."

At the mention of this name Djalma bounded from his seat, saying—"Faringhea are you here? What do you want?"

"Your faithful servant wishes to share your happiness."

"What happiness?"

"That, caused by the letter of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, Monseigneur."

Djalma made no reply, but his countenance beamed with such delight without the slightest shade of distrust on it, that Faringhea's anxiety was completely relieved.

After a few minutes' silence, Faringhea

resumed, "You are worthy of these transports, Monseigneur, after so much suffering. I am not astonished at your good fortune; I told you to feign violent love for some one else, and this proud lady——"

Djalma here cast such a piercing look on his attendant that the latter suddenly paused; the prince, however, said in a tone full of kindness, "Continue, I am listening to you!" he then fixed his gaze on Faringhea, who resumed.

"I said, Monseigneur, that on following the advice of your faithful slave, you would be successful—did I not predict what has happened?"

"Yes," replied Djalma.

Faringhea's suspicions were awakened; he thought that the kindness of his master concealed some snare—he therefore continued with less assurance.

"Believe me, Monseigneur, this day will console you for all your past sufferings."

"Well, since your advice has been so useful to me in the past, what do you think of the future?"

"Of the future, Monseigneur?"

"Yes, within one hour, I shall be with Mademoiselle de Cardoville."

"This is serious, Monseigneur; the future depends on the first interview."

"I was just thinking of this."

"Believe me, Monseigneur, a woman only loves a bold man, who spares her the embarrassment of a refusal."

"Explain yourself better."

"Well, Monseigneur, she despises the timid lover who humbly asks what he ought to take."

"This is strange," said Djalma, still watching the countenance of Faringhea, who, mistaking the prince's meaning, replied,

"Believe me, Monseigneur, as strange as it appears, it is yet wise. Remember the past. Was it by playing the part of a timid lover that you have brought this proud lady to your feet? No, it was by feigning to disdain her; therefore no weakness; the lion does not sigh like the weak turtle-dove; the proud sultan of the desert cares nothing for the plaintive moaning of the lioness, that, less angry than grateful with his rude and savage caresses, soon follows submissively in the track of her master. Be bold, Monseigneur, and you will soon be the adored sultan of this lady, whose beauty is admired by all Paris."

After remaining silent for a few minutes, Djalma said, in a calm voice, "Why betray me thus? Why advise me to employ violence against an angel of purity, whom I respect, even as I do the memory of my mother? Is it not enough that you are devoted to my enemies, who have pursued me even from Java?"

Faringhea started back as if to defend himself.

"Fear not," continued the prince, "yesterday I would have killed you, but now love has rendered me merciful; I pity you; you must have been very unfortunate to become so wicked. What harm have I ever done you?"

"None, Monseigneur."

"Then why pursue me thus with your hatred? Was it not enough that you caused me to feign a shameful love for the girl you brought here, who, tiring of the miserable part she had to play, at last left the house?"

"Monseigneur, your feigned love has vanquished the coldness of——"

"No, say not so," calmly interrupted the prince; "your design was to ruin me in her estimation for ever."

"If you think thus, Monseigneur, you must regard me as your most deadly enemy."

"Fear not; only, was it not cruel, seeing me overwhelmed with despair, to give me such advice!"

"The ardour of my zeal misled me, Monseigneur."

"I am willing to believe you. Listen. I wish to render you good, which will become you more than being a traitor. In our country the deadliest serpents are charmed; the fiercest tigers tamed. Well, I wish to subdue you. What can I do for you? Do you want more than gold? If so, you shall have it. Do you want gold? Do you want a friend? And do you wish that I, the son of a king, should be that friend?"

Two o'clock struck; it was time for the prince to go to Adrienne. He approached Faringhea, and, holding out his hand, said, "Your hand."

Faringhea hesitated a moment; but, vanquished by the generosity of the prince, he held out his hand, and Djalma pressed it, saying, "You faithfully place your hand in that of a sincere friend, whose hand will always be open to you. Adieu, Faringhea, I now feel myself more worthy of kneeling before my angel!"

Djalma then departed.

In spite of his ferocity, the sombre worshipper of Bowhanie, feeling overcome by the noble and generous language of Djalma, said to himself, "I have clasped his hand; he is now sacred to me." Then, after a moment's reflection, he added, "Yes, but he is not sacred to the person who waits for him at the door."

Having uttered this he ran into an adjoining chamber, which looked into the street, and pushing aside the curtain, said, "The coach is starting. The man approaches. Perdition! the coach is gone. I no longer see anything."

(To be continued.)

Rebels.

Poems by William Anderson.

These poems, which the author has inscribed to Dr. Edwards, present many lovely scenes and agreeable images. To meet the fastidious taste of the day, however, the writer must look a little closer to his rhymes, and it would be well if he were more resolutely to eschew contractions of words, which, in poetry, though much used, have always a bad effect. They seem aids to help a lame dog over a stile. One of the poems, called "The Wolf," tells a very tragical tale. A wolf had spread terror through an extensive district, and a purse of gold and a diamond ring are offered for his destruction: a youth, named Giulio, undertakes the task, and makes a solemn vow to slay the monster,

"Or never see his native home again."

The sequel is thus told:—

"One eve—it was the fourth—he threw him down,
Fatigued and foot-sore, on the mountain brown;
No wolf as yet had crossed his anxious way,
Although, where'er he roamed, he heard his bay;
Loth to return until the wolf he slew,
Yet ah! his heart, to love, to feeling, true,
Led him to where his lover's hut arose,
As if her vicinity could soothe his woes.
There for awhile he lingered, and he wept
The tear of fond remembrance—slumber crept
Upon his eyes, for he was overpent,
Wasted for want of needful nourishment:
Before him in the moonlight rolled a stream,
Whose murmur lulled him to a blissful dream:
A dream of love, of happiness and pride,—
He thought he slew the wolf, and won his blushing bride.

"Beyond the river, to its very edge

Along the bank, there grew a bushy hedge,
Where oft alone, beneath the twilight dim,
The lovely maid would steal to think of him;—
A stir!—a motion!—it was not the breeze
That shook the hedge,—for why waved not the trees?

He started and awoke—again it shook.—
His gun was in his hand—one hurried look,
One rapid touch—the fatal ball was sped,—
A long wild shriek was heard, and Giulio's dream was read.

"In triumph now, he thought of home again,—
The prize was his, the wolf at length was slain—
Swift as the ball that from his rifle flew,
He reached the river, and swam gaily through:
The corpse lay there before him in the light!—
Why breaks that mournful shriek upon the night?
Why motionless stands Giulio gazing there,
A form of stone, a statue of despair?
At length he spoke—"Is this the wolf I've sought

In glen, and mount, and precipice remote?
His skin is soft, its eyes are bright and fair,
And still they smile on me,—the wolf's should glare;

But sweet though sad, still do they charm my view.

Like my fair bride's, the beautiful, the blue.—
The wolf! ah horror! 'tis herself I've slain!
I feel it, like a fire within my brain,
And on my heart—no tear is in mine eye—
For her alone I lived, with her I die.
The stream is near, he lifts her as a child,
While from his oppressed heart there bursts a wild

And fiendish laugh,—the peasants wondering hear,
And in a crowd assemble, half in fear:
In the broad moonlight then, as in a dream,
A figure rushed before them to the stream;
That form did bear another—on the brink
He pauses not—one plunge—they sink! they sink!
'Twas Giulio and his bride!—they rise no more,—
And onwards roll the stream as smoothly as before."

The Gatherer.

The King of Brazil.—"At Campinas I witnessed serious depredations from the ants; sometimes they insinuate themselves into the taipa walls, and destroy the entire side of a house by perforations. Anon they commence working in the soil, and extend their operations beneath the foundations of houses, and undermine them. The people dig large pits in various places, with the intent of exterminating tribes of ants whose designs have been discovered. These insects, probably from their prevalence, and the irresistible character of their depredations, obtained at an early day the title of king of Brazil. In favour of their administration it should be said, that they sometimes do inestimable service, by cleansing a house or plantation of other species of vermin, passing along to the work before them, in well organized troops of millions. Nevertheless, their dominion and divine right have been disputed by means of fire and water, and nearly every other instrument of death; but notwithstanding the most unrelenting persecutions, they still abound and prosper. Mr. Southey states, on the authority of Manoel Felix, that some of these insects, at one time, devoured the cloths of the altar in the convent of S. Antonio, at Maranham, and also brought up into the church pieces of shrouds from the graves beneath its floor; whereupon the friars prosecuted them according to due form of ecclesiastical law. What the sentence was in this case we are unable to learn. The historian informs us, however, that having been convicted in a similar suit at the Franciscan convent at Avignon, the ants were not only excommunicated from the Roman Catholic Apostolic church, but were sentenced by the friars 'to the pain of removal, within three days, to a place assigned them in the centre of the earth.' The canonical account gravely adds, that the ants obeyed, and carried away all their young, and all their stores."

Moonbeams Pernicious.—"It is a fact, the moonbeams in certain countries have a pernicious influence. It is known that in Bengal for example, meat which has been exposed to the moonlight cannot be afterwards salted or cured, but will speedily go to corruption; whereas the same kind

of meat, if sheltered from the moon, may be cured and preserved. Not only is this idea of the dangerous influence of the moon entertained by the semi-barbarous tribes of the East, but European shipmasters trading to the Mediterranean are firmly impressed with the same conviction; and they are cautioned against exposing themselves to the danger by their sailing guides, published in England. On one occasion, many years ago, I was on a Maltese schooner, commanded by an Englishman. We were off the coast of Africa; it was spring, and the weather delicious. It was a brilliant moonlight night, and I lay down to sleep near the poop, wrapped in my cloak. I was soon after awake by a sense of suffocation, and found the cape of my cloak drawn close over my face. I removed it, and again fell asleep. The same thing occurred a second time, and again I rid myself of the encumbrance, when the captain of the vessel cautioned me against sleeping in the moonlight with my face uncovered. I laughed at what I considered his simplicity; but, to confirm his opinion, he mentioned several instances in which the neglect of this precaution had been followed by very injurious consequences, and appealed to his sailing guide as authority. There I found the caution very strongly urged; and blindness, and even (I mistake not) derangement, stated as the too frequent consequence of the moonbeams being allowed to beat for any length of time on the head and eyes during sleep. I returned to my couch on deck, but took the precaution of fastening a handkerchief over my face, and remembered the beautiful words of the Psalmist,—“Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon my right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; he shall preserve thy soul.”—*The Rev. W. Robertson.*

Drawing an Inference.—The proprietor of an immense number of waterside carts in Liverpool, who has raised himself, by industry, to be a man of considerable property, being in conversation about some private business, was asked if he could draw an inference. “Not I,” said he, “but I bought a bay mare the other day, and I’ll lay a five pound note, that she draws it, if it does not weigh more than four tons.”

Not Improbable.—At an inn in Sweden there is the following inscription, in English, on the wall:—“You will find at Trollhätte excellent bread, meat, and wine, provided you bring them with you!” [Excellent wine can be obtained at several of our water-side taverns under like circumstances.]

Migrations of Salmon.—About a year and a half ago, Lord Glenlyon, with the praiseworthy motive of deciding the long-agitated question as to whether the salmon, after returning to the ocean from its spawning-ground, again re-sought the same river on another return of the season, caused a number of *kelt*s, or fowl fish, to be caught and marked, by attaching a label, by a ring, to what is called the *dead fin* of each. Last summer a number of these were captured on various stations in the Tay, but, so far as we have heard, none in the Earn, on Tuesday last another was caught at the Rashbush, a fishing-ground below Inchyra. This fish was in excellent condition, and weighed 21lb. The label bore as follows:—“Lord Glenlyon, Dunkeld, No. 129.”—*Perth Advertiser.*

Pinnock for the Million.—Poetry: Upon what is this art principally based? Why the art of poetry is based upon its “feel.”—Are its tendencies moral?—Decidedly, for true poesy is honesty personified, since it inculcates the necessity of giving “good measure.”—Why are the effigies of poets crowned with bay leaves?—Possibly as an allusion to the poverty which has associated so many of them with “bai-liffs.”—*Gua.*

Vessels of War in the Eleventh Century.—The author of a Topographical History of Surrey,* written, it would seem, about forty years since (and who takes Grosse, Aubrey, and Manning,† as his basis) in his description of the ancient borough of Southwark, says—“We have no certain information as to the exact period at which a bridge here was first erected. In 1047, Earl Godwin, in revenge for his banishment by Edward the Confessor, sailed with a body of followers up the river, and having passed the bridge without opposition, prepared to attack the royal navy, consisting of fifty ships, then lying at Westminster; but, by the interposition of the nobility, matters were at length compromised.” This circumstance, if valid, is not a little remarkable; as it affords us an idea of the size of a royal navy that could “lie at Westminster;” as well as of the earls that could “pass the bridge.”—H. SCUTTHORP.

* This work, which came into my hands by chance, some few years since, was in a tattered and, consequently, imperfect condition; and being therefore minus the title page, I was unable to ascertain the name of its author. It appeared, however, to have consisted, when complete, of three octo-decimo vols., from the first of which the above quotation is taken.

† The antiquarian.

‡ The eminent Surrey historians.

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